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THE
RISE AND PROGRESS
Of the Present TASTE in PLANTING
PARKS, PLEASURE GROUNDS, GARDENS, &c.
FROM
HENRY THE EIGHTH
TO
KING GEORGE THE THIRD.
IN A POETIC
EPISTLE
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE *K Ingram*
CHARLES Lord Viscount IRWIN.

Ars est Celare Artem.

HOR.

“ An intimate Acquaintance with the Works of Nature and
“ Genius, in their most beautiful and amiable Forms, humanizes
“ and sweetens the Temper, opens and extends the Imagination,
“ and disposes to the most pleasing Views of Mankind and Pro-
“ vidence.”

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. MORAN, in the Great Piazza Covent Garden.

M DCC LXVII.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

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 OF THE
 PARTY OF THE
 HENRY THE EIGHTH
 TO
 KING GEORGE THE THIRD
 IN A POETIC
 EPISTLE
 TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE
 CHARLES LORD WILLOUGHBY

As the
 "in intimate acquaintance with the Works of Henry the
 Eighth, in their most beautiful and noble forms, that
 and preserve the Truth, and extend the Imagination
 and direct to the most perfect View of Mankind and the
 World."

LONDON:
 Printed for C. Moore, in Strand, near the Theatre Royal, in the Year 1751.
 MDCCLI.
 [Price One Shilling and Sixpence]



A R G U M E N T.

T H E A D D R E S S.

NO Gardens of consequence till Henry the Eighth's reign. Nonfuch and Theobald's described. Versailles laid out upon the same plan. The three next reigns unacquainted with the charms of Nature, had no taste but for those of Art. Milton's description of Eden admirable. King William introduced the Belgian mode of gardening at Hampton-Court; described and condemned. Sir William Temple's garden plans execrable. Kensington gardens capable of being made fine, if opened like Lord Holland's. Kew, Richmond, Castle-Howard, in an exquisite taste. Nestor's villa the contrary. Some occasional hints upon the planning and planting of pleasure-grounds. Stowe commended. Its faults. Studley park fine, but too much disfigured by Art. Wooburn-Farm a model of rural elegance. The Emperor of China's gardens displayed in three views, the pleasing, the horrid, the enchanted. A digression. Templenewsham, Lord Irwin's, commended. Mr. Brown, the King's gardener at Hampton-Court, celebrated for the finest genius this nation has produced, for laying out pleasure-ground; which is visible in his works at Blenheim-Castle, at Earl Spencer's, at Croome, the Earl of Coventry's, at Caversham, Lord Cadogan's, and for uniting the powers of Poetry and Painting in his designs, is crowned with laurel by the Muses.

A R G U M E N T

THE ADDRESS

NO Gardens of consequence till Henry the Eighth's reign. Norfolk and Throckmold's described. Various laid out upon the same plan. The three next reigns unacquainted with the character of beauty, had no taste but for those of Art. Milton's description of Eden admirable. King William introduced the English mode of Gardening at Hampton Court, beloved and admired. Sir William Temple's garden plans extensible. Kensington gardens capable of being made free, if opened like Lord Holland's. New Richmond Castle Howard in an exquisite taste. Nelson's villa the country. Some occasional hints upon the planning and planning of pleasure grounds. Stone commended. Its most steady park race, but too much designed by Mr. Woodcock. Form a model of rural elegance. The Emperor of China's gardens displayed in three views, the pleasing the most, the enchanted. A description. Templenewham, Lord Irvine's commended. Mr. Brown, the King's garden at Hampton Court, celebrated for the finest genius this nation has produced, for laying out pleasure grounds; which is visible in his works at Blenheim Castle, at Eastbourne, at Greenwich, the Earl of Gower's, at Gowerham, Lord Cadogan's and for uniting the powers of Folly and Reason in his designs, is crowned with laurels by the Nation.

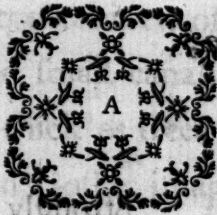


EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES Lord Viscount IRWIN.



T length, my Lord, the charms of art decay,
And lovely Nature re-assumes her sway;
As erst in Greece, she now in Albion reigns,
Nor weeps in ruins her Arcadian plains;

Since here triumphant she has fix'd her seat,
And views her face with ev'ry charm replete.

Tho' not three cent'ries since this fertile Isle,
Saw rich Pomona, and fair Flora smile;
No fruits before *—or bright carnations glow'd,
Nor flavours those—nor odours these bestow'd;

Alike

* It will appear from the following quotation, that the cultivation of fruits had made but little progress here in the last century; for in an Essay

Alike unknown the vegetable race,
 That richly now our fruitful gardens grace ;
 From Belgia * then our vegetables came,
 And scarce the curran here had got a name ;
 No flowering shrubs, and pencil tulips vy'd,
 With gay auriculas in vernal pride ;
 Here Flora late, with hyacinthian train,
 With roses crown'd commenc'd her lily'd reign.

Of yore the mansions of the rich and great,
 Were for protection built, and not for state ;
 And like the times a warlike aspect wore,
 The walls too often stain'd with human gore ;
 The lofty towers still venerable rose,
 And frown'd defiance on vindictive foes ;

Strongly

upon the gardens of Epicurus, written by Sir William Temple in the year 1685, he observed, it was to little purpose to plant peaches and grapes further north than Northamptonshire. And it was very prudent (said he) in a friend of mine, a gentleman in Staffordshire, who is a great lover of his garden, to pretend no higher, tho' his soil be good enough, than to the perfection of plums, and in these, by bestowing South-Wales upon them, he has very well succeeded, which he could never have done in attempts upon peaches and grapes.

† No salads in England in 1509, carrots, turnips, and cabbages were imported from the Netherlands. Vide Anderson's History of the Rise and Progress of Commerce.

Strongly immur'd with moats encircled round,
No space for gardens, or for pleasure-ground.

Gardens at first—ere Henry's sanguine reign,
Were but mere orchards, rough and rude and plain;
With some mean statues miserably grac'd,
As destitute of beauty, as of taste.

Nonsuch * in gay description still displays,
The false magnificence of Tudor's days;
Rich trellis-work the gardens there unfold,
And proud alcoves festoon'd and gilt with gold;
Large cabinets of verdure, knots of flowers,
And small canals, square groves, and roseat bowers.
As thick as trees fantastic structures rise,
And Gothic images with painted eyes;
The saliant fountains (which have had their day)
'Thro' beaks of birds ridiculously play;

Trees

* Nonsuch, near Epsom, was antiently called Cuddington, till King Henry the Eighth built a fine palace here, and gave it this name: King Charles the Second granted it to the Dutchess of Cleveland, who after his death pulled it down, and sold the materials, out of which the Earl of Berkeley erected a house at Durdans, which has since pass'd thro' several hands. There remains now only a cottage at Nonsuch, of which the Duke of Cleveland is Baron.

Trees clipt to statues*, monsters, cats and dogs,
 And hollies metamorphos'd into hogs;
 Here urns and statues in confusion stand,
 And one wide waste of riches spread the land.
 Trifles like those at proud Versailles combin'd,
 Fools to surprize, and shock the tasteful mind;
 That studies nature, lavish of each grace,
 When not absorpt in art's destructive face.

At Theobald's † art disfigur'd ev'ry scene,
 Tho' costly, poor, magnificent, yet mean;

Here

* Pliny tells us, that in the garden belonging to his chief seat in Tuscany, his own name and his gardener's were cut in box; and that his whole garden was filled with variety of figures, images and harbours, formed out of trees, which grew in it. At what time this fashion was introduced here is not known, but it continued till Mr. Pope ridiculed it in one of the Guardians. The motto of the Garter, and other devices cut in box, are still to be seen in New-college garden at Oxford; and a nobleman, at his seat near London, had some years ago the Coronation dinner in yew of King William and Queen Mary.

† The Lord Treasurer Burleigh erected a fine house and extensive gardens. King James the First, upon his progress from Scotland to take possession of the English throne, did Burleigh's son, Sir Robert Cecil (afterwards Earl of Salisbury) the honour to take a bed here; and being charmed with the house and gardens, he gave Cecil Hatfield Regis in exchange. From this place King Charles the First set out to erect his standard; which was the reason of its being afterwards defaced and plundered by the parliament's army. King Charles the Second granted this
 Manor

Here fanes and statues as at Nonfuch plac'd,
 Without the least propriety, or taste ;
 Here marbled basons limpid streams eject,
 Which patt'ring fall with infantine effect :
 Here narrow ponds the shady walks divide,
 And beds of flowers extend from side to side.
 You here in vain for distant prospects look,
 Behold the walls—encircled by a brook ;
 Exclude, whate'er the charming landskip fills,
 The flocks and herds, the rivers, woods and hills ;
 Yet pedant James in this admir'd retreat,
 Unconscious how to make the monarch great ;
 Past half his time with Buckingham and Car,
 As fond of hunting, as afraid of war.

Such labour'd scenes successive kings admir'd,
 Nor to the charms of nature e'er aspir'd ;
 Milton alone of either Charles's time,
 In horticulture hit the true sublime ;
 What vary'd beauties in his gardens shine,
 The charms of nature live in every line ;

Manor to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and his heirs male, but his son Christopher dying without issue, it reverted to the crown ; and King William the Third granted it to his favourite Bentinck, Earl of Portland, in whose family it still continues.

The powers of fancy cou'd no higher soar,
His Eden blooms as Eden bloom'd before.

Here great Nassau the Belgian gardens spread,
Yet Hampton-Court th' improving age misled ;
Long gravel walks with puerile knots of flowers,
Of taste and grandeur still destroy the powers ;
With intersected plats of useless grass,
Which seem to interrupt us as we pass ;
Garnish'd like Christmas brawn, with box or pews,
With *cheerful* hollies, and with gloomy yews :
What tho' meandering Thames flows gliding by,
Yet one dead level still offends the eye !
We here fatigu'd the lengthening walk survey,
That tonsur'd bushes, and parterres display ;
And pyramids in yew, that doleful stand,
Like mutes and mourners in a fun'ral *Band* ;
When after dragging our tir'd legs a mile,
Lo ! two pavilions in a wretched stile,
Thro' which we soon to rural meads retreat,
And what these gardens want, in them we meet.

Temple the easy, learned and polite,
Who thought as freely as his pen cou'd write ;

No

No garden plans from graceful nature drew *,
 His trees by pairs in nuptial order grew ;
 Or plac'd like sentinels at each corner stand,
 To guard Pomona's gifts from Rapine's hand ;
 Pleas'd still with fountains, and with gay alcoves,
 With statu'd Venus, and her train of loves ;
 Fix'd round parterres in regular design,
 And gravel walks as level as a line.
 From want of taste for undulating hills,
 Bustles of oaks, fine vales, and murmuring rills ;
 Extensive lawns, and close embracing shades,
 Long lakes, bright spiry rocks, and opening glades ;
 He tortur'd nature sore in every part,
 And beauty centur'd in the charms of art.

O much

* Among us (said Sir William Temple) the beauty of building and planting is placed chiefly in some certain proportions and symmetries or uniformities ; our walks and our trees ranged so, as to answer one another, and at equal distances. The Chinese scorn this way of planting, and say, a boy that can tell a hundred, may plant walks of trees in strait lines, and over against one another, and to what length and extent he pleases ; but their greatest reach of imagination is employed in contriving figures, where the beauty shall be great and strike the eye, but without any order or disposition of parts, that shall be commonly or easily observed : and tho' we have no notion of this sort of beauty, yet they have a particular word to express it, and where they find it hit their eye at first sight, they say, the Sharawadgi is fine or admirable. Vide Temple's Works, folio, Vol. I. page 186.

O much too long the Belgian mode defac'd,
 That charming wildness, that enchanting taste,
 Which every where the hand of art conceals,
 And nature only more improv'd reveals !

See Kensington, by Caroline's command,
 New modell'd shines, in rural fancy plann'd ;
 Yet where these Sylvan scenes are all immur'd,
 Spoilt's every grace, and every charm obscur'd.
 Who grieves not still to see these gardens lost,
 When not a monarch cou'd in Europe boast,
 Of brighter landskips, more luxurious views,
 Were but remov'd, the walls, the groves and yews !
 Nigh here behold with pleasure and surprize,
 From Holland's taste enchanting scenes arise !
 His house before embosom'd in a wood,
 With walls embarrass'd, like a chartreux flood ;
 From every part he now delighted sees
 Towns, temples, villas, rivers, meads and trees :
 And every beauty too his gardens grace,
 Where nature heretofore conceal'd her face.

But now the striking scenes at Kew behold,
 Where Taste and Chamber's every grace unfold ;

Nature

Nature adopts his plan, her features sees,
 When lively pencil'd, never fail to please;
 So sweetly vary'd, so enrich'd each part,
 Here see the force of genius, and of art!

Cast next your eye on Richmond's blissful plains,
 Here Hymen triumphs, and here pleasure reigns;
 See here proud Thames respectful bows his waves,
 And her green slopes with liquid silver laves;
 Here Spring delights, here Summer lovely glows,
 Here purple Autumn every tint bestows;
 Here emulous th' embowering shades arise,
 Here fragrant shrubs expand, the richest dies;
 Here flowers successive earliest homage pay,
 And carpetting enamel all the way;
 While from the Thames the balmy zephyrs spring,
 And fan the air with odoriferous wing:
 While ev'ry grove resounds with warbling notes,
 From soaring larks the trembling music flotes.
 There *Sion* lifts her venerable pile,
 Where hospitality still wears a smile;
 Where taste and elegance and grandeur shine,
 And every virtue decks brave Piercy's line!
 See vary'd vessels here with flags advance,
 And o'er the waves in mazy figures dance;

Pass and repass, and trim the swelling sail,
 And sport and wanton in the breezy gale ;
 Here Albion's *sceptred pair* from noise retire,
 And all the charms of rural life admire ;
 Here in these sweet sequester'd scenes of joy,
 Soft love and harmony their hours employ ;
 Here ease and freedom, *Health* and *Virtue* find,
 The bliss, the *Balm*, and *Blessing* of mankind !

At Castle-Howard all enchantment seems,
 Here dwell the Genii of the woods and streams ;
 The Naiads here with fawns and dryads sport,
 Venus and Cupid here might keep their court ;
 Here wanton Nature laughs along the plains,
 And in despite of art triumphant reigns.

There see an obelisk elated rise *,
 In grateful memory of filial ties !
 A pillar there records great Marlbro's name,
 His shining lawrels, and his deathless fame.
 Here on a verdant slope, to fame still just,
 A tomb that guards a princely Howard's dust ;
 Below a bridge in true perspective plac'd,
 With all the charms of architecture grac'd ;

On

* To William Lord Howard, &c.

On rising ground see yon stupendous fane,
 In attic grandeur grace the lovely plain ;
 Within what beauty—taste—and splendor shine,
 To strike the bosom with an awe divine !
 How rich the columns——and how light the dome !
 A Temple worthy of immortal Rome !
 O'er the Mosaic floor O lightly tread,
 Beneath's the sacred mansion of the dead ;
 Where with his race th' illustrious founder lies,
 The fair and virtuous, and the brave and wise !

But mark the beauties of these rural scenes,
 The brown-embow'ring shades, and bright-contending greens.
 The spacious lawns, rude rocks, and purling rills,
 The flowery vallies, and the fruitful hills ;
 The winding river that unbounded roves,
 Till wandering bury'd in yon distant groves ;
 Here in one landskip all these charms combine,
 And Britons see a new Arcadia shine.

Lo ! Nestor's villa—where bright views abound,
 Can boast at home but long extent of ground ;
 One avenue another still succeeds,
 Ungraced with flowery lawns, rich hills and meads ;

With

With nothing wild, or rural interspers'd,
 With sand and gravel like Arabia curs'd.
 Forc'd up by art, and at a great expence,
 The rustic stairs a scanty stream dispense ;
 Which scarce an hour here faintly murmuring flows,
 And o'er the steril walks no beauty throws !
 For these alas !——unlike Elyfian scenes,
 Are fenc'd with soaring walls of tounfur'd greens ;
 Thro' which rude winds in many an eddy'ng gale,
 With clouds of sand the vifual orbs affail ;
 Nature and taste alike difown the place,
 And yield to art its honours and difgrace.

But nothing looks fo miserably vile,
 As a dull regularity of ftile ;
 Where all at once we view the whole design,
 Like a defert upon a table fhine ;
 Much art, much labour, order and expence,
 Without variety, or taste, or fenfe ;
 “ Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,
 “ One half the platform juft reflects the other ;
 Pleas'd for a moment we the fcene furvey,
 And then difgusted with it all away.

O study Nature ! and with thought profound,
 Previous to laying out with taste your ground :
 O mark her beauties as they striking rise,
 Bid all her adventitious charms surprize !
 Eye all her shining, all her shadowy grace,
 And to conceal them every blemish trace :
 Yet there's a happiness that baffles Art,
 In showing Nature *great* in every part,
 Which chiefly flows from mingled lights and shades,
 In lawns, and woods, hills, rivers, rocks and glades ;
 For only happy's that assemblage made,
 Where force of light contends with force of shade.
 But when too busy Art destroys each grace,
 And shades with ornaments her lovely face,
 We abdicated beauty eye with pain,
 And Art presides, where Nature ought to reign.

Fair Nature still impatient of restraint,
 When forc'd at all grows languid dull and faint ;
 When robb'd of freedom, loses charm by charm,
 Till she expires in Art's usurping arm.

On swelling summits spiry temples found,
 And sculptur'd obelisks with statues crown'd ;

In bright perspective let each object rise,
Yet not at first — but on result surprize.
A well-fix'd Statue, or a Fane misplac'd,
Is view'd with pleasure, or creates distaste.

And truest elegance in planting's shown,
When trees around are negligently thrown,
In numbers not too many or too few,
Group'd as in Nature's sweetest scenes we view.
Let the brave Oak, of trees the monarch, rise,
The shapely Larch, pale Ash in mingled dies;
The weeping Willow, and the Elm upright,
The quivering Asp, Abele, and Walnut bright;
The broad-leaf'd Maple, and the glossy Lime,
The scarlet Chesnut, and the Palm sublime;
The Holly arm'd with gold and silver spines,
The branch'd Pinafter, and the Fir that shines;
The fragrant Cedar with aspiring head,
The feathery Cyprus sacred to the Dead,
Th' umbrageous Platane of exalted mein,
The nodding Pine, and Lawrel evergreen.
Let flowering Shrubs in blooming beauty rise,
Of pleasing scents, and variegated dies;
The Sumach, Tutzan, and Acafia soft,
The Tulip-tree, that bears its flowers aloft;

The

The red Mezerion and Syringa white,
 The dusky Bay, and Laurustinus bright;
 The pale Laburnum grac'd with yellow plumes,
 The purple Lilac's fill'd with mild perfumes;
 Th' Althea, Opulus, and Virgin's bower,
 Th' Hypericum, and Cistus' spotted flower,
 The double Almond, Bramble, Cherry, Thorn,
 The blushing Peach as ruddy as the morn.
 Th' Jasmins, Roses, and the Woodbines sweet,
 With nameless sorts the fragrant list complete.
 But in gradation let their shades appear,
 The bright, the dark, the dusky and the clear,
 Dispers'd around with sweet enchanting air,
 Wildly romantic! elegantly fair!—

With magic wand still tame th' uncultur'd ground,
 And bid elysian beauties bloom around;
 Let scene improve on scene, and grace on grace,
 Enchanting Nature dwell in every place;
 Here from dry rocks, like Moses at a blow,
 Command the cool translucent streams to flow,
 And smoothly glide—till they impeded rise,
 And with new water-falls the vales surprize.
 The Chinese bridge in semi-circles fling,
 Across the living streams, that widening spring;

Bounded by Alder, Beech and Poplar shades,
 And facing full the falls of loud cascades,
 Whose sparkling streams at intervals are seen,
 Shine thro' the shades, and purl along the green,
 Thro' rural elegance still winding rove,
 Till murmuring lost in some romantic grove.

Let sweet simplicity each scene adorn,
 Order and all incongruous stiffness scorn,
 In wandering mazes down the rocky hill,
 Here flow the streams in many a purling rill;
 And let beneath the vaulted Grotto shine,
 Fraught with the products of each *Sea* and *Mine*;
 Bid sparkling ores, bright shells, and glittering spars,
 Reflect a thousand forms, a thousand stars:
 While weeping rills pervade th' encrusted wall,
 Whose pearly tears in marble cisterns fall;
 Still such a soothing sound these tinkling keep,
 As lull the pensive and the sad to sleep;
 Here widow'd love, pale woe may rest their head,
 Or, with the sudden Spring soft sorrows shed;
 Here meditation may pursue her theme,
 And of celestial joys enraptur'd dream;
 Here Bards inspir'd may sing angelic lays,
 Till shells grow vocal in their Maker's praise.

While

While Nature round in every scene presides,
 And both the planter and the builder guides,
 The more she varies, still the more she warms,
 And every eye with every beauty charms.

Cobham with parts, and every virtue blest,
 With pleasing skill the face of Nature drest;
 From fine ideas form'd a great design,
 Cou'd he have dropt the *dangerous Rule* and *Line*,
 Then Stowe had been with nobler wildness grac'd,
 And shewn the full result of genuine taste.
 But tiresome grow each long long lengthening Isle,
 Where captive Nature never deign'd to smile,
 Where crouded Statues, crouded Structures glare,
 And only serve to make the Vulgar stare.

Sweet Studley shows too much th' effects of Art,
 With every beauty Nature cou'd impart,
 For prim clipt hedges, formal rows of trees,
 Veil every grace the tasteful eye decrees.
 The streams pellucid still impounded flow,
 And Limes are tonsur'd like a Birth-night Beau;
 Here blooming Nature spreads her charms in vain,
 And injur'd flies in rural Meads to reign.

Wooburn for me superior charms can boast,
 Where Nature's still improv'd, but never lost;
 Here rob'd in soft simplicity she shines,
 And all the paint and pomp of Art resigns,
 Pleases alone by her intrinsic grace,
 And wears the native beauties of her face.

Ascend yon terrace, and you there survey,
 The queen of cities all her domes display :
 See Wren's stupendous work, the Fane of Paul,
 In lofty Majesty o'erlooks 'em all !
 There Windsor, crown'd with towers and golden spires,
 From Edward's deeds the breast with glory fires ;
 There Edward triumph'd with his Garter'd Knights,
 In proud processions, and in hardy fights ;
 There beauties came the festival to grace,
 And to their charms still bow'd the Warrior-race ;
 In jousts and tournaments they mingled shone,
 With starry lustre round the brightest throne :
 There many a Noble, many a Royal name,
 Illume the Records of immortal Fame.

What Poets fabled or description yields,
 Of Tempe's Vale, and sweet elysian fields,

See

See realiz'd — for here enchanted roves,
 The eye o'er hills, vales, villas, towns and groves ;
 Tame rolls his streams in serpent-mazes round,
 While flocks and herds graze o'er th' enamel'd ground,
 And musky zephyrs with a gentle breeze,
 Dance o'er the lawns, and sport along the trees ;
 In every bush a feather'd Muse we hear,
 Whose melting notes melodious sooth the ear.
 There weeping willows kiss the watry glades,
 And rills still murmur thro' the pensive shades ;
 While blooming flowers ambrosial odours breathe,
 And all above is Grace, and Beauty all beneath.

Th' Imperial Princes on the Chinese throne,
 Have highest taste in Horticulture shown,
 Where step by step astonish'd we pursue
 Nature still varying, yet forever new :
 Here Flora's race the brightest blossoms bear,
 Whose fragrant breath perfumes the ambient air ;
 For all the flowers that finest climes adorn,
 With opening sweets here hail the purple morn !
 On swelling hillocks shrubs of Tyrian dyes,
 A thousand sorts in rich profusion rise,

Mingled

Mingled with trees that flavour'd fruits unfold,
 Which blushing flame with vegetable gold;
 While round the silver streams meandering glide,
 With this sweet scene reflected on their tide;
 Here Pines and Cedars in eternal prime,
 With trees unnumber'd of this balmy clime,
 Dispers'd around with such a careless grace,
 As gives new beauty to the finest place:
 There spiry structures rise on sloping hills,
 Broider'd with Pines, and silver quivering rills.
 And here the circling walks their colours change,
 With them the prospects as along we range.
 With Poppies crown'd fair Ceres decks the plain,
 And smiling nods beneath her golden grain.
 Here bounding Roes, and bearded Goats are seen,
 In playful sport upon the velvet green.
 There flows a river winding thro' the vales,
 Cover'd with boats, and glittering colour'd sails,
 In shapes of birds and fishes lo! they sail,
 And one a swan resembles — one a whale.

But turning here a different view behold,
 A barren wild of aspect bleak and cold;
 Tho' not extensive, yet an awful scene,
 Where no gay pleasing objects intervene.

Here

Here Nature all uncultivated lies,
 Here craggy hills in peaks terrific rise,
 Whence horrid rocks projecting seem to frown,
 And every moment threaten to fall down.
 Here a Pagoda with a shatter'd face,
 Moulder'd by Time, bends nodding o'er its base.
 In heaps of ruin here sepulchres mourn
 Their mangled images, and sculptures torn :
 Here caverns stretch their monstrous jaws around,
 Where rude winds whistling waft a mournful sound.
 Here bursts a cat'raet o'er a rocky steep,
 Whose falls a dreadful thundering, clamouring keep.
 Here echo dwells, and entertain'd she seems,
 By imitating still the boisterous streams.
 Here blasted Pines and ragged Cedars stand,
 And desolation covers all the land.

As here along we melancholy stray,
 Still fallen towers and pillars strew the way ;
 Till we at length insensibly are led,
 To where a Cyprus Grove erects its head ;
 All scenes at entrance dark and silent here,
 Till rushing torrents strike th' astounded ear ;
 Dubious we stand what winding walk to take,
 As rambling waves the earth beneath us shake.

In vain we try the torrent to explore,
 That rolls along with loud tremendous rore.
 As lost in wonder we advance this wood,
 Still louder still the subterraneous Flood.
 Here weeping Grots, and Ivy-fretted Cells,
 Where pining melancholy moping dwells,
 For she, pale sister, dreads the glare of day,
 And in these Shades illudes it's sparkling Ray.
 Here Screech-owls, Bats, voracious birds of night,
 In solemn stillness sleep secure from fight.
 Hark!—now the torrent bursting loudest rores,
 As waves reverb'rate from rough rocky shores;
 At length a darksome Cave impedes our way,
 We enter quick impatient for the day;
 When low! a prospect opens to our view,
 Richer than ever Poet feign'd, or Painter drew.
 Beneath the Grove the torrent rolls conceal'd
 To raise surprize, and be with joy reveal'd.
 Behold the streams in one tumultuous rage,
 Down dashing headlong pointed rocks engage,
 Here foaming flash around their sparkling spray,
 And billowing dart along the plains *away*,
 Till yonder spreading like an ocean wide,
 They then by temples, towers, and villas glide;
 Which

Which rais'd on hills with Palms and Cedars crown'd,
 Conspiring make this seem enchanted ground.
 There lofty Bridges, in grotesque design,
 O'er vallies stretch'd, and hill with hill conjoin,
 And view beneath what boats unfurl their sails,
 Whose flying streamers catch th' Etesian gales,
 To net the fishes in the curling stream,
 Which thro' bright waves like molten silver gleam.
 On Pine-crown'd hills there Mausoleums rise,
 Whose golden Pennons glitter in the skies :—
 O lovely scenes! with every beauty grac'd,
 With grandeur, wildness, and sublimest taste :
 With hanging woods, fine slopes, and glittering rills,
 Red cliffs, green vales, white rocks, and azure hills.

See silk-worms here their golden cones display
 On Mulberry-trees, and emulate the day.
 Around yon Elms the Vine her foliage spreads,
 The peeping clusters blush, and hang their heads.
 We here inhale the aromatic breeze,
 In Jasmin bowers enwreath'd with spicy trees.
 There shine the Grots and Baths with colonades,
 Here flask resounding flask the shrill cascades

O'er

O'er crystal rocks.——There weeping willows bend,
 To falls aquatic verdant shelter lend ;
 In pools encircled round with *spiky* reeds,
 See here they foster all their downy *breeds* !
 There winding turns the silver-lily'd vale,
 And here again behold the vessels fail !
 There towers with spires and tall Pagodas rise,
 Crufted with *Porcelain* of richest dies :
 While Citron, Orange, Rose and Myrtle, shades,
 Wave pensile o'er the cool pellucid glades ;
 Where Pheasants, Parrots and Maccaws unfold,
 Their many coloured-plumes suffus'd with gold ;
 While Larks and Philomels, still warbling vye,
 And fill with melody the azure sky ;
 Whence brightest suns irradiate all below,
 Where beauty out of beauty seems to grow.

There active Swains unanimous agree,
 To cull the verdant leaves of fragrant Tea ;
 While these unlock the silver sluices round,
 To pulp the rice, and bathe the flowery ground.
 There Animals of finest shape and dye,
 Unknown to us attract the wondering eye ;

With

With bleating sheep, and lowing herds and fawns,
In friendly league still crop the vivid lawns.

Here soft Favonius fans the genial Spring,
Attempering Phœbus' rays with breezy wing.
Here no dire winds or sable mists arise,
But silver showers distil from golden skies.
No lightnings flash, or peals of thunder break,
To blast their harvests, or their mansions shake :
Nor putrid vapours here in spires ascend,
Nor storms of hail or flakes of snow descend,
But flowers and trees in blooming pride appear,
And Spring triumphant rules the circling year.

But you, my Lord, at Templenewsham find,
The charms of Nature gracefully combin'd,
Sweet waving hills, with woods and verdure crown'd,
And winding vales, where murmuring streams resound :
Slopes fring'd with Oaks *which* gradual die away,
And all around romantic scenes display.
Delighted still along the Park we rove,
Vary'd with Hill and Dale, with Wood and Grove :
O'er velvet Lawns what noble Prospects rise,
Fair as the Scenes, that Reuben's hand supplies !

H

But

But when the Lake shall these sweet Grounds adorn,
 And bright expanding like the eye of Morn,
 Reflect whate'er above its surface rise,
 The Hills, the Rocks, the Woods, and varying Skies,
 Then will the wild and beautiful combine,
 And Taste and Beauty grace your whole Design.

But your great Artist, like the source of light,
 Gilds every Scene with beauty and delight ;
 At Blenheim, Croome, and Caversham we trace
 Salvator's * Wildness, Claud's † enlivening grace,
 Cascades and Lakes as fine as Risdale drew,
 While Nature's vary'd in each charming view.
 To paint his works wou'd Poussin's ‡ Powers require,
 Milton's sublimity, and Dryden's fire :
 For both the Sister Arts in him combin'd,
 Enrich the great ideas of his mind ;
 And these still brighten all his vast designs,
 For here the Painter, there the Poet shines !
 With just contempt he spurns all former rules,
 And shows true Taste is not confin'd to schools.
 He barren tracts with every charm illumines,
 At his command a new Creation blooms ;

Born

* Rosa. † Loraine. ‡ Nicolo Poussin.

Born to grace Nature, and her works complete,
 With all that's beautiful, sublime and great !
 For him each Muse enwreathes the Lawrel Crown,
 And consecrates to Fame immortal Brown.

11 7 19

F I N I S.

Born to Grace Nature, and her works complete
 With all that's beautiful, sublime and great
 For him each Male ennobles the Lawful Crown
 And consecrates to Fame immortal Brown.

F I N I S